THE
Merry Travellers:
OR,
A Trip upon Ten-Toes,
FROM
Moorfields to *Bromley.*

An Humorous POEM.

Intended as the WANDERING SPY.

PART I.

By the Author of the CAVALCADE.

In these dull mournful Times, a merry Tale,
Like South-Sea Stock of late, perhaps may fail;
But if it shou'd, 'twou'd spoil the Author's Joke,
For if the Poem's damn'd, the Poet's broke.

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THE *Merry Travellers.*

IN that dull Time of Recreation,
By Lawyers call'd, *The Long Vacation*,
When Pettifogs and Hackny-Writers,
Sneak up and down like poor Sheep-biters;
When Taylors too, for want of Trade,
Make Cucumbers their daily Bread,
And deſtitute of Pence to ſpend,
At All-Fours, Nine-Pins, or Board's-End,
Turn *Aquapotes*, when Credit fails,
And Homage pay to Pumps and Wells;
Nor is it ſhameful in the leaſt,
For Man to tipple like a Beaſt,

Since Gen'rals and their armed Forces,
Are glad ſometimes to drink like Horſes,
And when they're warm'd with Field Diſputes,
Swill Water, juſt like other Brutes.
When Wholeſale Dealers mount their Steeds,
And ſtrut on *Finſb'ry Quadrupedes*,
To plague their diſtant Country Chaps,
With ſtrenuous Duns, Bills, Bums and Knaps,
And thus are forc'd to be ſevere,
To ſave themſelves from Breaking here.
When wealthy Vintners ſend their Spouſes
And Daughters to their *Hampſted* Houſes,
Whilſt they themſelves neglect their Bars,
To hunt with Sheriffs and Lord May'rs;
Or twice a Week forſake their Cellars
To revel at ſome Country Dealers,
Where, with their Friends, they ſtuff their (Paunches,
With *Stockdon* Hams or Venſon Haunches,
And draw in all they can invite,
To make their own Expence more light.

When

When Vict'lers, to promote the Sale
Of muddy Beer and Goosb'ry Ale,
Are forc'd to truſt, in ſpight of Law,
At leaſt one half of what they draw,
Till *Kather'n-Wheels*, round O's, and *Croſſes*,
Thoſe Signs of doubtful Debts and Loſſes,
Shine round their chalky Bars as bright
As Planetary Orbs by Night,
Glitt'ring by Sixes and by Sevens,
Like Conſtellations in the Heavens,
Till Trade improves and Money comes
By ſlow Degrees, in little Sums,
Then a wet Finger does its Duty,
And robs the Bar-board of its beauty.

In ſuch afflicting Times as theſe,
When thinſkin'd Ladies curs'd the Fleas,
And ſhoals of Fools, depriv'd of Riches,
Pray'd backwards for the *South*, like Witches,
My Jolly Friend and I, not finding
Domeſtick Bus'neſs worth our minding,

Mov'd

Mov'd by the fineneſs of the Weather,
Agreed to take a Trip together,
Leaving our careful Wives to mourn
Our Abſence, till our ſafe return;
For Women that have known the Sweets
Of Love, between the Nuptial Sheets,
Are always in a peck of Troubles,
Like Children, when they loſe their Baubles,

On *Monday*, *Auguſt* Twenty-one,
When Morning Clouds eclips'd the Sun,
My Friend and I, with nimble Heels,
Took our departure from *Moorfields*,
A Place once famous thro' the Nation,
For ſporting Nymphs and Conjuration;
Alſo for Gaming, Wreſtling, Cudgelling,
And what your modeſt Whores call *Fudgelling*,
But now, by dint of Grace, 'tis grown
A Pious Quarter of the Town,
And Meetings, for the Peoples good,
Are built where Bawdyhouſes ſtood;

Whilſt Saints reform the neighb'ring Allies,
Once ſtuff'd with common Sluts and Baili's.
Thus Time turns ev'ry Place and Creature,
To ſomething worſe, or ſomething better;
All Things on Earth have ups and downs,
As fickle Fortune Smiles or Frowns.
When thus my chuffy Comrade, *Sly*,
That mortal Cherubim and I,
Had left our loving Babes and Spouſes,
And turn'd our Backs upon our Houſes,
We walk'd and talk'd, did laugh and friſk,
And on each other look'd as briſk,
As if our Wives had both been bury'd
Some Months, or that we'd ne'er been marry'd,
Thus happy, our Companions find us,
When Nuptial Cares are thrown behind us.
But ſuch kind Intervals as theſe
Laſt ſeldom long without a Teaſe.
Now plagu'd with neither Child nor Woman,
We ſteer'd our Courſe towards *Bromly Common*,

Debating whether we ſhould Coach-it,
Or keep back that Expence in Pocket:
At length our frugal Tempers bent us,
To gently trip it on our Ten-toes,
Altho' in Fleſh, Blood, Guts and Greaſe,
We walk'd near Eighteen Stone apiece,
That is, in caſe my bulky Mate
Would add to my inferior weight,
And kindly lend me ſix or ſeven
Score Pounds, to make the Ballance even:
Therefore my Muſe, on this Occaſion,
Craves leave to make a ſmall Digreſſion,
Wherein ſhe juſtly does intend
To draw the Picture of my Friend,
That he that reads may have a ſight
Of honeſt *Will* in black and white.

Reuben, that wond'rous Man of Art,
In Sacred Hiſtory expert,
Whoſe Head and Hand by Fancy fir'd,
Seem'd both for Holy Works inſpir'd,

Yet he, in all the Clouds he'as painted,
Where Angels oft are repreſented,
Ne'er bleſs'd the World with ſuch a Face
As *Will* can ſhow, when o'er the Glaſs:
Nor does the Carving in St. *Paul's*,
Of winged Cherubs o'er the Stalls,
Afford us one Seraphick Phiz,
So Cherubimical as his;
Eſpecially when waſh'd and ſcowr'd,
Or newly doctor'd by my *Lord;
Then when he's ſeated o'er a Bowl,
With this *good Friend* and that *dear Soul*,
No *Michael*, *Zeus*, or *Peter Paul*,
Coul'd e'er produce among 'em all,
So glorious an Original.
His Body's of a comely growth,
Betwixt Activity and Sloth,
Can nimbly to the Cellar run,
Then ſit and ſnoar as ſoon as done;

* A neighbouring Barber always ſo ſtil'd.

Yet when in Chair he lolls his Breech,
Or on a Bench, no matter which,
His Head aſide, his Peepers winking,
In a ſoft Slumber, to one's thinking,
Let any Friend a Cup but fill,
And ſay, *Here's to thee, honeſt* Will,
Then up he ſtarts, I dare engage ye,
And cries, *Your Servant, Sir, I'll pledge ye:*
Nay, if a Mouſe ſhould chance to creep
But near him, when he's faſt aſleep,
And ſqueak 'twixt Cupboard and the Wall,
He'd anſwer, *Gentlemen d'ye call,*
So wakeful when a Nap he takes,
And yet ſo drowzy when he wakes,
That he muſt ken him well that knows
When he's awake, or in a Doze;
For as ſome People walk when dead
Aſleep, as 'tis by many ſaid,
So, *vice verſa*, when he walks,
Poor honeſt *Will* both Sleeps and Talks.

Wherefore no mortal Man knows, whether
He always really ſleeps, or never;
For all his Words and Actions ſeem,
Except in Bed, a very Dream,
And there, for his good Spouſe's ſake,
We hope ſometimes he's broad awake.

Now Reader, Cheek by Jole we jog,
Both freed alike from Nuptial Clog,
As merry as two ſlaviſh Creatures,
Who juſt had ſhaken off their Fetters,
Shaping the Courſe we had to take,
Will half aſleep, I ſcarce awake,
Till into *Gracechurch-ſtreet* we came,
Where wealthy Quakers live in Fame,
In whoſe well-furniſh'd Shops there ſtood,
Such luſcious Female Fleſh and Blood,
So gravely dreſs'd, without a Hoop,
But yet ſo rich, from Head to Poop,
So fair their Bubbies and their Faces,
So ſmooth their Sattins, without Laces,

Their Petticoats in Folds depending,
The common Mode ſo far tranſcending,
As if they thought, when Love had quite
Extinguiſh'd what they call the Light,
Their pritty Legs, thoſe underprops,
Could ſtretch their Coats inſtead of Hoops,
Whoſe width diſcovers, to our wonder,
How far ſome Toes can part aſunder.
Therefore no Woman ought to hide
Her Charms in Hoops ſo wond'rous wide,
Except ſh'as a confounded Stride.

From hence I lug'd my honeſt Friend,
Who on a Poſt ſome time had lean'd,
To take a little Nap, whilſt I
Apply'd unto the Wall hard by;
And when I'd ſhook him once or twice,
And made him ope his drowſy Eyes,
Downwards we almoſt run a Race
To *Fiſhſtreet-Hill*, that noted Place,

Where ſhoals of Lobſters lay in view,
Some ſtinking ſtale, ſome crawling new,
With ſundry ſort of Fiſh beſide,
That ſmelt as ſtrong as if ally'd
To *Venus*, that adult'rous Slattern,
Begot upon the Sea by *Saturn*.
Whence Lovers do obſerve, and't pleaſe ye,
The faireſt Ladies ſmell moſt fiſhy;
If ſo, then who would not by marrying,
Eujoy Fiſh, Fleſh and good Red-Herring.
From hence we mov'd directly forward,
Our Noſes *South*, our Arſes *Norward*,
Till we proceeded to that ridge
Of arched Stones, call'd *London-Bridge*,
Where wooden Houſes tott'ring ſtood
On Props, above the raging Flood,
Whoſe roaring Billows, as they paſt
Each ſtubborn Arch in angry haſt,
Seem'd, as they rowl'd along in fury,
To threaten, in their foaming hurry,

Deſtruction to that vaulted Row
That checks their Paſſage to and fro.
Since Rivers thus aloud complain,
When we their native Courſe reſtrain,
And with their utmoſt Power attack
The Banks and Mounds that keep 'em back,
Well may poor Nations, when they've loſt
That freedom which they once could boaſt,
Unite their Forces and agree,
To roar aloud for *Liberty*.

By this time my ſomnif'rous Friend
And I *Eliza*'s Houſe had gain'd,
And to the wracking of our Bones,
Slid on from greaſy Stones to Stones,
Giving, like civil Men, the way,
To Hackney Coach and Brewer's Dray,
Or lab'ring Horſes that came nigh us,
Loaded from Tan-yard and from Dye-houſe,
Which ſo fatigu'd my Friend's fat *Corpus*,
He blow'd and ſnorted like a *Porpus*:

But at the Viſto's of the Draw-Bridge
Got Breath, by ſeeing Boats go thro' Bridge.
So Travellers, when almoſt tir'd,
By ſweating muſh and walking hard,
Lean on their Staves, for eaſe deſign'd,
And turn their Noſes to the Wind.

When thus my Friend had cool'd his Liver,
By Breezes that came off the River,
We blow'd our Noſes, wip'd our Faces,
And then advanc'd, by gentle Paces,
To *Southwark*-Market, where we view'd
Such vaſt variety of Food,
That no luxurious Fornicator
Could paſs, without indulging Nature;
For as we ſqueez'd and joſtl'd thorough
The right-hand ſide o'th' crowded Borough,
The Butchers made a bloody ſhow,
And ſtood like Cuckolds all-a-row,
Some ſtock'd with Beef, ſome ſtor'd with Veal,
Some whetting Knives upon a Steel;

Some

Some ſelling Mutton, others Ram-ſtones,
As big as Turkey-Eggs, for Lamb-ſtones.
For he that cannot by his Eyes
Diſtinguiſh, knows not what he buys.

Among the Butchers, here and there,
Was plac'd a uſeful Poulterer,
One in his Shop (beſides his Wares,
Rang'd on his Shelves for Cuſtomers)
Had thoſe two Comforts of his Life,
A Spaniel Puppy and his Wife,
But which he really lov'd the beſt,
I can't determine, I proteſt,
Tho' I obſerv'd him as I paſt,
He ſtrok'd the firſt, but not the laſt;
Whence ſome would think he lov'd his Dog
Much better than his Nuptial Clog;
Which if he does, ſhe ought to ſcorn him,
And into better Manners Horn him.

Nor is it difficult to find
The various Tempers of Mankind,
By making a judicious handle
O'th' diff'rent Dogs we're apt to fondle.
The Country 'Squire that doats upon
His Hounds, above his Wife or Son,
And twice or thrice a Week prepares
To worry Foxes, Bucks, or Hares,
Diſcovers that his Dogs and he,
Each other love by ſympathy,
And that his Worſhip and his Creatures
Are both of perſecuting Natures;
Only this diff'rence we find,
'Twixt rav'nous Hounds and human kind;
One only hunts their proper Game,
When Hunger prompts 'em to the ſame;
But cruel Man, with Plenty bleſt,
His Pride and Avarice to feaſt,
Will prey on Man as well as Beaſt.

The Mod'rate Sportſman thinks it better
To keep a Greyhound or a Setter,
By which he ſhows himſelf too wiſe
For any Break-neck Exerciſe.
Hunting, he thinks, is only fit
For *March*-Beer Sots, not Men of Wit,
To carry off laſt Night's Carouzing,
And Spirit up another Boozing;
But Fiſhing, Courſing, Shooting, Setting,
The ranging of the Dogs, the Netting,
Are Paſtimes that in ſafety yield
All the true Pleaſures of the Field;
Such as delight, but never teaſe
The Mind that loves to be at Eaſe:
Beſides, the Greyhound and the Setter,
Are of a ſoothing tender Nature,
So beauteous in their Limbs and Heads,
Altho' of diff'rent Shapes and Breeds,
That they are worthy of their Food,
For only to be ſtroak'd and view'd.

And as theſe Dogs are of a kind
And gentle Temper, ſo we find
Their Maſters ſeldom want a Soul,
Free, Generous and Affable;
Tho' we muſt own, no gen'ral Rules
Without Exceptions in the Schools.

The killing Tribe, who are the ſole
Support of *Hockley in the Hole*,
Who at their Arſes hang their Steels,
Muſt have their Bull-Dogs at their Heels,
Thoſe low'ring ill-look'd ugly Creatures,
That threat'n deſtruction in their Features,
Leering at ev'ry ſtep they take,
With vicious Eyes and Noſes black,
Expreſſing ſo much Spight and Ire,
As if the Devil had been their Sire,
And that their hold-faſt moody Kind,
For Miſchief only were deſign'd.
Therefore, we in the Brute may ſee
His Maſter's Rage and Cruelty.

For e'ery Mortal that is prone
To keep a Dog, will pick out one
Whoſe Qualities are like his own.

The Poulterer, bred up to deal
In Wigeon, Mallard, Duck and Teal,
As well as Dunghil-Fowl, and broods
Of Birds, that dwell in Fields and Woods,
Keeps and admires the Water-Breed,
For his long Ears and mottl'd Head,
And for his chief Diverſion hugs
The Spaniel, as the Dog of Dogs;
Becauſe his Keeper knows full well,
Poor *Tray* does in two Gifts excel,
That is, he'll play both faſt and looſe,
And hunt a Duck or ſteal a Gooſe;
Therefore his Maſter loves that Sort
Of Dog, for Profit and for Sport,
And can apply the Whelp, at leiſure,
Either to Int'reſt or to Pleaſure.

So Strumpets of the lower Claſs
Do the like Qualities embrace,
And make a pretty decent Living,
Of ſometimes Sporting, ſometimes Thieving.

Poor Alley Scoundrels, at their Doors,
Have always little yelping Curs,
Who by their noiſy Barkings tell,
Where Sots and Scolds in Diſcord dwell,
And to each Paſſenger make known
Their Keeper's Failings by their own.

The furly Tinker, when he Travels,
Who prides in drunken Broils and Cavils,
Muſt have a Dog to bear his Budget,
Where e'er his Worſhip's pleas'd to trudge it:
A Mongrel of ſome ugly Breed,
That's better far to hang than feed:
In whoſe ſoure Aſpect we may find
The Maſter's rough unpoliſh'd Mind:

Or

Or, *vice verſa*, in the Rogue,
Behold the nature of the Dog.
Thus both in each we may diſcover,
For one's the Picture of the other.

Ladies have little Lap-Dog Elves,
Croſsgrain'd, and pretty like themſelves,
Who ſnarl and bark at all but thoſe
To whom fair Madam favour ſhows;
And if the Miſtreſs does approve you,
Jewel, in courſe, is taught to love you.

Bailiffs and Watchmen have their Dogs,
Who growl at all that paſs, but Rogues.

Beggars their Curs, that diſagree,
And yelp at e'ery thing they ſee,
But ſtinking Rags and Poverty.

All Men, in ſhort, that take delight
In ſurly Brutes, that ſnarl and bite,
Make choice, tho' to themſelves unknown,
Of ſuch whoſe Natures ſute their own,

That

That each judicious Obſervator
May gueſs the Maſter by the Creature.

Reader, I beg you will excuſe
This long digreſſion of my Muſe;
Conſider, Travellers will ſtray,
Sometimes, a little out o'th' Way,
But now again we ſteer our Feet
Into the common Road or Street.

By this time *Will* and I had ſtraddl'd,
Or rather puff'd, and blow'd, and waddl'd,
'Till we arriv'd, by gentle Paces,
At thoſe two miſerable Places,
Where poor inſolvent Debtors dwell,
Confin'd within a local Hell,
Where Goalors act the Parts of Devils,
And puniſh Mortals for their Evils;
As if within thoſe curſed Walls,
Where Man in vain for Mercy calls,

Each

Each surly Keeper, in his Place,
Could find no other Happiness,
Than in tormenting those poor Wretches,
Secur'd within their Iron Hatches.
Here bearded Scarecrows, almost dead,
Stood begging at the Grates for Bread,
Imploring Help, in doleful Tones,
Succeeded by such Sighs and Groans,
As would have mov'd Hearts made of Stones.
Their Keepers standing within hearing,
Grasping full Flaggons, drinking, swearing,
As if their Pleasure and their Pride,
And all the Comforts they enjoy'd,
Consisted in the dismal Fare
Of those beneath their cursed Care.

So Imps, appointed to torment
The damn'd, as some Divines consent,
Make their own Miseries the less,
By plaguing others to excess.

From thence our crooked Courſe we bent,
Into the famous Street of *Kent*,
Where Wholeſale Broom-men live in State,
Like Merchants, tho' not quite ſo Great,
Becauſe they chuſe to dwell in Cots,
Not bigger much than Rabbit-Huts,
They take no Pride in uſeleſs Splendor,
But ſcoff at all external Grandeur,
And laugh at Prodigals brought low,
By wracking Rents and outward ſhow:
They labour hard for Beef and Pudding,
And live without much Thought or Studying;
Their daily Bus'neſs needs no Brains,
Their Work is at their Fingers ends,
And when it's o'er they wet their Beards,
And guzzle till as great as Lords.
This makes their Vict'lers Rich and Proud,
Who ſoar above the common Crowd,
Aed by the help of others Labours,
Exalt their Horns above their Neighbours,

And wallow with their ſwanking Spouſes,
Not in low Huts, but lofty Houſes,
Above the reſt, ſo near the Sky,
That they're at leaſt --- Two Story high.

So Lawyers, in our Country Towns,
Not only fleece and awe the Clowns,
But by their Cunning live like Lords,
In the beſt Houſe each Town affords.

Here Piles of Brooms in order lay,
By Chandlers to be ſwept away;
Where frowning Sluts lean o'er their Hatches,
Whoſe Pimples ſerv'd their Cheeks for Patches,
Some looking with their Beetle Brows,
And Udders dirtier than a Sows,
As fierce as any *Bedlam* Queen,
When teaſing Boys have rais'd her Spleen.
Some of a *Scotch* Complexion were,
With freckly Cheeks and yellow Hair,
Cover'd with Night-caps worn to Rags,
Black as the Devil's Nutting-Bags,

Thro'

Thro' Holes of which their ſweaty Locks
Appear'd uncomb'd, like matted Flocks
That from a tatter'd Cuſhion ſtart,
Where Grandſire us'd to ſit and Fart.
Others more tidy than the reſt,
Were dreſs'd one half, and half undreſs'd,
Briſk jolly Dames, who, tho' their Faces
Could boaſt no courtly Smiles or Graces,
Yet each appear'd to be a Woman
Too good, for Water-man or Broom-man;
Tho' here and there perhaps a Blemiſh
Might pall an Appetite that's ſqueamiſh;
That is, a ſweaty Ear, or ſo,
Might thro' a dirty Pinner flow;
Or other ſmall defects ariſe,
Offenſive to the Noſe or Eyes,
That even whilſt their Charms invade,
Their Failings, from their Arms diſſwade.
Thus Woman's Beauty has its Darts,
But does not always wound our Hearts;

'Tis Cleanlineſs, as well as Feature,
That makes her ſuch a lovely Creature.

As for the moody rugged Spouſes,
In Wedlock ty'd to theſe poor Huſſies,
With frowſy Beards and ruſty Hides,
Herculean Limbs and Rawbone Sides,
They ſeem'd like Slaves that got a Living
By Working, ſome, the reſt by Thieving;
Some looking like good honeſt Fellows,
Others as if they drop'd from Gallows,
Wearing their Fortunes in their Faces,
Juſt as Rogues do in other Places:
For where the Conſcience is not clear,
Guilt in the Forehead will appear.

By this time our induſtrious Feet
Had meaſur'd this long tedious Street,
And brought us to that famous Houſe,
The *Lock*, where Sinners lie in Souſe,

Till by long driv'ling they remove
The painful Fruits of pleaſing Love,
And after all their looſe Debauches,
Become as ſafe and ſound as Roaches.
Here rev'rend Bawds and batter'd Bullies,
Young rotten Punks and ruin'd Cullies,
Diſcarded Miſtreſſes and Play'rs,
From *Barthol'mew* and *Southwark* Fairs;
Daughters that run away from Mothers,
And Wives that leave their Mates for others;
Here all are welcome to repair
Their aching Limbs or damag'd Ware;
And by low Diet and Purgation,
At leaſt by gentle Salivation,
In ſpight of Ulcers, Scabs and Tetters,
May ſoon be made new wholſome Creatures,
Altho' perhaps not quite ſo fair
And handſome as before they were:
Becauſe in ſuch a Caſe, you know,
A Noſe may chance to drop, or ſo.

Now, to the eaſing of our Bones,
We turn'd onr backs upon the Stones,
Which had not only tir'd our Hocks,
But rufflʼd my Companions Socks,
Which made him hobble, pick and chuſe
His Way, as if hʼad Peas inʼs Shoes:
But now the Coſs-way that we trod
Bʼing ſmoothly raisʼd above the Road,
Our Pedeſtals much more at eaſe,
And all things mending by degrees,
Fine Gardens to refreſh the Sight,
Upon the Left and on the Right,
Rich Yeomen jogging their fat Arſes
To Town, upon their long-tailʼd Horſes,
With here and there a Sunburnt Higler,
'Twixt Panniers, on a pacing Rigler.
Sometimes a Hackney Coach and Six,
In which both Sexes kindly mix
Their wanton Legs, conceal'd from ſight,
And ſo ſit crowded, with delight,

Till *Tunbridge-Wells* they do arrive at;
And there conſummate what they drive at.

Theſe various Scenes that did appear,
The Fields, the Trees, the Heavens clear,
And many more engaging Views,
That did our Eyes and Minds amuſe,
Beſides a cooling Breeze to fan us,
And chirping Birds to entertain us,
Refreſh'd us ſo, when we were gone
Some Furlongs from the ſtinking Town,
That we began to mend our Pace,
And walk --- as if we walk'd a Race.

Now no uneaſineſs appear'd,
Nor were the leaſt Complainings heard,
The ruffl'd Socks were quite forgot,
And both were pleas'd, tho' ſweating hot:
But that which made our Journey ſtill
The more delightful, was, that *Will*

Had

Had againſt Sleep ſo well provided,
He look'd as broad awake as I did;
Had ſhaken off his drowſy Fits,
That ty'd his Tongue and numb'd his Wits,
And drown'd his old Lethargick Sloth,
In merry Whims that pleas'd us both.

At length a Parſon in his Gown,
Came gently jogging tow'rds the Town,
Upon a little ſhag-tail'd Mare,
Her colour Grey, her Bones but bare,
Looking as if alike expert,
At galling Saddle, or at Cart:
The Rev'rend Rider, as he met us,
Did with moſt courteous Manners treat us,
Good Morrow, Gentlemen, ſaid he;
Your Servant, Doctor, anſwer'd we:
And ſo we paſs'd as Friends, or rather,
As Chriſtian Sons ſhould paſs a Father.

For he that Honours not his Guide,
Has no Religion but his Pride.

The next we met appear'd to be,
By his external Sanctity,
A ſurly Nonconformiſt Teacher,
By ſolemn Face, ſome Alley Preacher,
With Lanthorn Jaws and *Roman* Noſe,
A flapping Hat without a Roſe;
A Wig whoſe formal Curls beſpoke him
A hungry Saint, Church Porridge ‖Choak him.
His Riding Coat not black nor gray,
But of a hue quite out o'th' way;
As if his awkward Dreſs and Frame
Were meant, in Holy *Calvin*'s Name,
To ſhew his Conſcience eke the ſame.
The Horſe that he vouchſaf'd to ſit
Upon, was neither Scrub nor Tit,
But a large pamper'd Jade that trod
As if he ſcorn'd the common Road,
And into Sloughs and Ruts would ſtray,
To ſhow he lov'd no beaten Way.

‖ *The Common-Prayer is ſo call'd by ſome Diſſenters.*

For Horſes, when Fanaticks ride 'em,
Like the poor Aſſes that provide 'em,
Muſt go which way their Riders guide 'em.

Stirrups of Metal, I ſuppoſe,
Were too fatiguing to his Toes,
Or whether he might think 'em Fop'ry,
Vain Baubles us'd in time of Pop'ry,
I know not, but his ſkinny pair
Of Legs, of which he'd wondrous Care,
Were ſafely ſhelter'd in Gambages,
Worn by the Saints in former Ages,
When Hippocrites ſpurn'd Holy Robes,
And pious Coblers preach'd in Tubs.

As thus the Saint was riding by,
Good Morrow, Sir, ſaid *Will* and I;
For Men of Breeding love to ſhow
Good Manners, whether due or no.
He turn'd his Head and frown'd upon us,
As if by dint of Grace h'ad known us.

Paſs'd by as haughty as a Lord,
And puff'd, but anſwer'd ne'er a Word.
Where was that Fellow bred, ſaid *Sly*,
At Utrick? *Where d'ye think?* ſaid I,
A foreign College far exceeding
All others, for Fanatick Breeding,
Where Men, like Lawyers in a Court,
Ne'er ſpeak except we pay 'em for't.
Tis hard, ſaid I, that yonder Guide
Who jogs tow'rd *London*, ſhould beſtride
So poor a Tit, and Doctor *Cant*,
On ſuch a coſtly Gelding vaunt.
But ſo it is, for Vertue here
Does in the loweſt Rank appear,
Whilſt moody Blockheads gain the ſtart
Of learn'd Divines and Men of Art.
Beſides, i'th' Parſon's Mare we ſee
The Rider's meek Humility,
And by her Shapes and Paces know
She's kept for uſe, and not for ſhow.

But by the other's pamper'd Horſe,
You may unmaſk the Saint in courſe,
And read his Temper and his Trade,
In the proud Goings of the Jade;
For as he keeps and does beſtride
A ſtately Gelding for his Pride,
So, for his Profit, the good Man,
Like others of his crafty Clan,
Will ride his Betters if he can.

By this time we began to think
Of Breakfaſt, and a little Drink,
Reſolving to refreſh and eaſe
Our hungry Maws with Bread and Cheeſe,
And moiſten well our duſty Clay,
At the next Alehouſe in our Way;
Accordingly, we found a Place
Which ſuited well our preſent Caſe,
A pretty little tippling Hovel,
Where Pedlars call at as they travel,

And where the *Kentiſh* Drovers ſtop
To light their Pipes and take a Cup;
Here alſo we agreed to bait.
So in we ſtept, and down we ſat,
Attended by a fair young Maiden,
No friſky Laſs, no Country Hoyden,
But one that in her ſober Face,
Had outward Signs of inward Grace.
Sweetheart, ſaid I, (but firſt I kiſs'd her,
Who took it like a Holy Siſter)
Prithee aſſiſt us, if you pleaſe,
With ſome good Ale, and Bread and Cheeſe.
She anſwer'd, *Yes*, it ſhould be done,
But flur'd a Fizzle as ſhe run:
Which gave my Friends fat Sides a fit
Of Laughing, till they almoſt ſplit.
But this unhappy Flirt delay'd
The coming of the conſcious Maid,
Who tarry'd till ſhe'd quite defac'd
Thoſe Bluſhes her Miſchance had rais'd,

And

And then return'd with what ſhe went for,
Without being further call'd or ſent for.
But as one Failing did betide
The Maid's unfortunate Backſide,
Which by a little Slip behind,
Diſcover'd Women are but Wind;
So now worſe Fortune did attend
The pond'rous Crupper of my Friend,
Which caus'd the Maid to laugh much more
At him, than he at her before;
For *Will*, who had by chance forgot
His bulky Sides and weight, god wot,
Had plac'd his Bum, for want of Care,
Upon an ancient feeble Chair,
Beneath whoſe crazy Bottom ſat
A poor old fond familiar Cat,
Licking her mundifying Paws,
With which ſhe ſtroak'd her Ears and Jaws,
Will having in his Mouth a Cruſt
Of Bread and Cheeſe, to pleaſe his guſt,

And in his Hand a Mug of Beer,
To wash down his dry husky Cheer;
But as between the Cup and Lip
Impediments do often slip,
The rotten Chair at once fell flat,
And down came *Will* upon the Cat;
The Drink, in this unhappy Fall,
Was quite demolish'd, Mug and all;
Some had the luck to find its way
Into his Codpiece, as he lay,
Which put his Tarriwags in Pickle,
And made 'em shrink to very little:
Poor Puss, beneath his Breech lay squalling,
As if she'd been a Caterwauling,
And that poor *Will*, who turn'd her over,
Had been some strenuous Boar-cat Lover:
Puss cry'd out Murder very loudly,
And scratch'd & claw'd for Life most bloodily,
Till *Will*, whose Bum began to feel
Her Tallons, sharp as pointed Steel,

Made

Made from the Cat a nimble Bound,
And rais'd his Body from the Ground,
Ram her, ſays *Will*, *that Witch of Witches*,
Has claw'd my Arſe quite thro' my Breeches.
Then groaping for his Ware, he found
That all was very ſafe, but drown'd;
So ſqueezing from his Shirt the Stout
And Ale, as well as Hands could do't,
Wringing his Lappets with his Fiſt,
As Nurſes do their Clouts bepiſt;
He button'd up his damag'd Ware,
And beg'd they'd bring a ſtronger Chair,
Whilſt the poor Cat, 'twixt Life and Death,
Lay ſtruggling on the Floor for Breath,
Mew'd very faintly, 'till at length,
Poor Wretch, ſhe gather'd ſo much Strength,
As to ariſe and crawl away
To Chimney-corner, where ſhe lay,
And ſmooth'd her Fur from Head to Tail,
Oppreſs'd by Weight and ſoil'd by Ale;

Mewing as if ſhe meant Forgiveneſs
To him that wrong'd her with his Heavineſs,
And that in caſe ſhe pin'd and dy'd,
He ſhould not be arraign'd, or try'd
On her account, for Caticide,

Our Landlord, who might juſtly fear
The downfall of a ſecond Chair,
Rowl'd in a mighty round of Oak,
That long had been ſome Butcher's Block,
And fixing it upon the Floor,
Where *Will* had foil'd his Bum before,
Humbly deſir'd him to diſpence
With that ſoft Stool, without Offence,
Becauſe his Chairs were all too ſlight
And feeble to ſupport his weight.

My Cherubim, not pleas'd to think
He'd broke his Chair and ſpilt his Drink,
Reply'd, *But Landlord, (Lord defend me)*
Have you no Cuſhion you could lend me,

I've bruis'd my Buttocks by my fall,
And this damn'd Stool's the Dev'l and all.
With that the Daughter fetch'd him down
A Pillow to repoſe upon;
And placing it beneath his Rump,
My Cherub *Will* now ſat in Pomp,
Eat Bread and Cheeſe like Country Carter,
And guzzl'd like a *London* Porter,
Till Thirſt and Hunger were ſubdu'd,
And Sleep more welcome was than Food.
Then with his drowzy Eyelids clos'd,
He breath'd ſuch Muſick whilſt he doz'd,
That drew my Landlord's grunting Herd,
From their old Swill-Trough in the Yard,
To ſee what Hog it was that ſnor'd.

.....

Whilſt *Will* thus ſlept, as if h'ad got
French Horns and Bagpipes in his Throat,
And that they ſtuck ſo by the way,
He could not breathe, but he muſt play,

I ſmoak'd my Pipe, enjoy'd my Whim,
And view'd my drowſy Cherubim:
His Back he plac'd againſt a ſtout
Brick-Wall, and turn'd t'wards Heav'n his (Snour,
Which awkward Poſture made him ſeem
To be Stargazing in his Dream;
His Left-hand on his Knee for eaſe,
His Right-hand ſtuff'd with Bread and Cheeſe,
Not graſp'd ſo cloſe but that between
His Fingers Vict'als might be ſeen:
As this unhappy Hand of his
Was hanging down betwixt his Thighs,
A mettl'd Cock, as 'twas his uſe,
Came boldly ſtalking thro' the Houſe,
And at his Heels a cackling Crowd
Of Hens, and all their little Brood,
Their nimble roving Eyes ſoon found
The Crumbs we'd ſcatter'd on the Ground,
Then flocking haſtily together,
As Birds will do of the ſame Feather;

After the Cock had choſe his place
And ſaid a chuckling ſort of Grace,
They all fell furiouſly on,
Like Ravens in a Field new ſown,
Diſpatching with exceeding haſte,
Their ſlender accidental Feaſt;
The Cock, when they had clear'd the Floor,
As he was peering round for more,
Eſpy'd the Bread and Cheeſe contain'd
In *Will*'s repoſitory Hand,
Whoſe Fingers at ſome diſtance lay,
As Rackſtaves do before the Hay,
The Cock he boldly peck'd between,
Chuckl'd, withdrew, then to't agen,
Till his Example taught the reſt,
O'th' cackling Brood to take a taſte,
Who now contending who ſhould ſhare
The moſt of the voluptuous Fare,
So peck'd his Fingers that the ſmart
Awak'd poor *Will* and made him ſtart

And ſtare as if ſome frightful Dream
Of murd'ring Rogues had gally'd him;
But finding that the Hens were buſy
About him, and his Hand uneaſy,
He flings the remnant of his Bread
And Cheeſe at this and t'other's Head,
Call'd for the Reck'ning in a hurry,
And thus expreſs'd his Rage and Fury,
Have I, ſaid he, *forſook the beſt*
Of Wives, that ever Man embrac'd,
And left my Dwelling and my Dear,
To be Cat-claw'd and Hen-peck'd here?
Have I declin'd an eaſy Seat,
Whoſe ſtrength would bear an Ox's weight,
And rambl'd all theſe Miles from Home,
To bruiſe and thus abuſe my Bum,
Firſt by a crazy Chair that broke,
And next by this damn'd Heart of Oak;
So hard, 'tis fitter, by my Soul,
For a Smith's Anvil than a Stool.

Then

Then ſum'd up all his Exclamation,
Ariſing from his frothy Paſſion,
With, *Come, here's to thee, Friend,---let's pay*
And go, ---- We've made too long a ſtay.
So giving to the Houſe content,
We Conge'd, and away we went.
Now, like true Travellers we drudg'd
Along, and chatted as we trudg'd.
By this time *Sol* full *South* was got,
And ſhin'd ſo very bright and hot,
That we began to melt, and run
To Oil, like Butter in the Sun,
Or rather drip'd, as on we trotted,
Like Woodcocks at the Fire ungutted.
Says *Will, If walking in ſuch Weather*
Can really be eſteem'd a pleaſure,
Who thinks it ſo might take a pride
In being roaſted, bak'd, or fry'd;
Or in a Glaſs-Houſe dwell in Summer,
As moſt delightful to their Humour.

My tranſitory Corps, I find,
Is not o'th' Salamander kind;
I'd rather, like a Frog, deſire
To live in Water than in Fire:
And as for this ſame ſweet delight
Of Walking, now the Sun's ſo bright,
I think ſuch Exerciſe and Air,
Are Trifles to an Elbow-Chair.
'Tis wondrous pleaſant, you muſt know,
To ſweat, and gall, and puff, and blow,
And with the ſcorching Gravel heat
Our tender and uneaſy Feet.
Then lifting up his Eyes he ſaid,
I'm almoſt ſpent; and thus he pray'd:
Lord grant us, in this ſultry Way,
Coach, Waggon, Cart, or Brewer's Dray,
Or any Vehicle to bleſs
A driping Mortal in diſtreſs,
If not, I ſhall be melted quite
T' a Skeleton before 'tis Night,

And loſe more bulk by this damn'd ſweating,
Than I ſhall gain by ſix Months eating.

Come, come, (*ſaid I*) chear up my Mate,
We have not many Miles to ſweat,
Beſides, a Country Walk is good
To breathe your Lungs and ſtir your Blood,
And carry off, by Perſpiration,
Nutritious Juices that occaſion
That drowſy Humour of Nutation.

Prithee, (ſays *Will*) *torment me not,*
I'm ſick, I'm faint, I'm dry and hot:
You talk like an Apothecary,
I tell you I'm both gall'd and weary,
And that to ambulate much further,
Would be to me, at leaſt, Self-murder;
Therefore I'll tarry at next Inn,
And not commit that deadly Sin.

As thus we dialogu'd for Sport,
To make our Journey ſeem more ſhort,

A for-

A formal Quaker and his Bride
Came riding by us, ſide by ſide.
Rachel, 'tis true, had in her Face
Some ſprinkl'd Signs of Love and Grace,
Diſſembling, when we look'd upon her,
As if no mortal Man had known her,
But *Thomas* leer'd beneath his Hat,
As if he well knew what was what,
And had uncover'd in his Youth,
Many a poor Handmaid's naked Truth.
For as the wiſeſt often ſtray,
So G--- Almighty's Lambs will play.
Says *Will*, *This godly pair*
Of Saints, as they believe they are,
Remind me of a Buxom Jade,
A pritty Friend, but lately wed,
Who finding that her Spouſe neglected
Thoſe carnal Comforts ſhe expected,
And one day viſiting her Mother,
Chatting about this, that, and tother,

As the old Matron ſat demure,
She put this merry Queſtion to her,
Pray Mother, doſt thee think, at Night,
The Men enjoy as much delight
In Bed, as Women do, when they
Their Huſband's carnal Wills obey.
Yes, Child, reply'd the grave old Dame,
No doubt but they enjoy the ſame.
Lord, Mother, if thy Words be true,
Said *Ruth, I wonder, ſo may you,*
Men do't no oftner than they do.

A merry Jade, ſays *Will, I'll wa[illegible]nt,*
As e'er complain'd to ſuch a Parent,
For all their formal Looks and Dreſs,
And their external Holineſs,
Among themſelves they have their Jokes
And Gibes as well as other Fo'kes.

By this time my complaining Friend
And I, had hobbl'd to *South-End,*

Where,

Where, in a wooden Manſion dwells
A Man of Metal, that excels
All other Vulcans in the rare
Calibeate Art of cutting Ware.
No *Yorkſhire* Carrier, at a Meal,
Durſt draw a *Sheffield* Blade of Steel,
And boaſt his cutting Country Bauble,
If one of *How*'s adorn the Table:
Their ruſtick Tools are only fit
For rural Poeſies, void of Wit,
And to divide fat Pork and Peaſen,
Or cut down Hooks in Nutting Seaſon;
But hungry Mortals muſt allow,
A Blade beneath the Stamp of *How*,
If touch'd upon a Stair or Stone,
Will ſlice a Surloin to the Bone,
And at one ſtroak, to human Wonder,
Divide the ſtubborn Joints aſunder,
Nah, if its whetted as it ought,
Will ſhave a Beard or cut a Throat.

A ſharp Experiment, 'tis true,
But Fools have try'd the ſame e're now.
For poor diſpairing Souls that find
The Conflicts of a troubl'd Mind,
Oft kill themſelves by the abuſe
Of things deſign'd for human uſe.
Near to *How*'s boarded Palace ſtood
A Brick Houſe, facing that of Wood,
Whoſe Sign ſufficiently denoted,
It was a place where Bumpkins ſotted,
And at Good Times, like merry Rogues,
Treated their home-ſpun *Joans* and *Jugs*.
Says *Will*, *No Man ſhall make me ſtir*,
God ſave the King, *beyond this Door*,
In this ſame Houſe, *as I'm a Sinner*,
I'll eaſe my Corps and eat my Dinner.
Accordingly we ſtop'd our ſpeed,
And enter'd in, both well agreed.
Tho' oft we find, when two conſort
In any one fatiguing Sport,

The Man that firſt deſires to reſt,
Is made his own Companion's Jeſt.
My Cherub now took ſpecial care
In chuſing of a ſtrong built Chair,
His injur'd Bum not yet forgetting
Its laſt deceitful overſetting:
He alſo peer'd beneath his Seat,
Leſt Puſs ſhould lurk between the Feet,
As an ill Omen to portend
Some ugly Miſchief in the end;
But finding no defect, nor Cat,
With manly Courage down he ſat,
Pull'd off his Stockings to remove
And change his Socks from Hoof to Hoof,
Whilſt I to wipe my Face began,
And fed my Noſe with Parmazan.
When *Bill* had eas'd his tender Feet,
And I had dry'd my Head from Sweat,
We then conceiv'd 'twas time to think
Of what to eat and what to drink;

For not a Clown or rural Swain,
Retir'd from Plough or from the Plain,
Could boaſt a keener Appetite
Than we, to either ſoop or bite;
But Drought b'ing more predominant
Than Hunger, as the Learned grant,
We both agreed to call at firſt
For Beer, to quench our craving Thirſt,
Only a bit of Bread to chew,
For fear a Surfeit ſhould enſue:
Accordingly a thumping Pot
Of humming Liquor ſoon was brought,
Which ſmil'd and look'd as briſk upon us,
As if ſome Favour had been done us;
And that the jolly handſome Dame,
Who, to oblige us, drew the ſame,
Had broach'd a Caſk of *Ariſtippus*,
In hopes ſhe might the longer keep us.
For cunning Alewives, when they're grown
Expert, to diff'rent Taps can run,
When their poor Huſbands know but one.

Now

Now by delicious hiſſing Draughts
We quench'd the Fever in our Throats,
With Liquor ſo divinely good,
Bacchus no richer ever brew'd,
Or Heathen God, when thirſty, boaſt
Such Nectar at ſo little coſt:
'Twas old and ſoft, ſtrong, pale and bright,
Well boil'd, well taſted, ſmooth and light,
And fit, in droughty Climes, to rince
The Gullet of the greateſt Prince.
Poets may pleaſe themſelves with thinking
Of their Gods eating and their drinking.
But their thin Food, for ought we know,
And Bowls that at their Banquets flow
Would ſtarve us Mortals here below.

Therefore my Friend and I took care
To aſk for more ſubſtantial Fare,
And, by th' aſſiſtance of our Dame,
Regal'd our ſelves with Stakes of Lamb;

Which

Which being fry'd, altho' but coarſly,
Went down with Butter and ſome Parſly,
And check'd that Fury which, 'tis ſaid,
Will break Stone Walls to come at Bread.

If ſo, 'tis hard the Poor ſhould die
For only ſtealing to ſupply
That Hunger which the Rich defy.

Our Bellies now b'ing fully bleſt,
Our Bones deſir'd to be at reſt
According, we, by joint conſent,
To ſleep our Inclinations bent,
And in a trice were both as faſt
As Dormice, when the Summer's paſt.
Old *Morpheus* had no ſooner hung
His Plummets on my Eyes and Tongue,
But an odd Dream poſſeſt my Crown,
That I was driving Hogs to Town:
For Fancy, which ſo often keeps
Her Revels whilſt the Body ſleeps,

Transform'd me to a Country Hob,
With a white Felt upon my Nob,
A canvas Frock to ſave my Cloaths,
And clouted Shoes to guard my Toes;
Haybands about my Ankles girt,
To ſkreen my Stockings from the Dirt,
And in my Hand a cutting Thong,
To drive my ſtubborn Herd along:
Sometimes, methoughts they'd ſcowre like (Gennets;
And then run retrograde like Planets,
Some ſtop and wallow in the Mire,
Others like founder'd Jades would tire;
Or like Fanaticks full of ſpight,
Turn e'ery Way, except the right;
I flog'd their Tails, as angry Pedant
Does his Boys Bums when they have need on't,
And laid about me till they grunted,
Like Farmers Hogs by Towzer hunted.
At length I wak'd in great ſurpriſe,
Firſt ſcratch'd my Ears, then rub'd my Eyes,

Hugh — Look'd

Look'd round me, found my ſelf miſtaken,
And that I'd loſt, not ſav'd my Bacon;
For all my wild unruly Herd
Vaniſh'd as ſoon as Light appear'd.
Nor could I gueſs what caus'd my Dream,
Except my ſnoring Cherubim,
Who, as he ſlumber'd in his Chair,
Breath'd forth ſuch ſtrange ſonif'rous Air,
As fill'd my Head with all the Sounds
That grunting Hogs or yelping Hounds
Could yield; from whence I do ſuppoſe
My ſympathizing Dream aroſe.
For if we dozing chance to hear
The Watch, at Night, cry Thieves or Fire,
'Tis odds but that 'twixt then and Morning,
We dream of Robbing or of Burning.
So, ſlumbring near a ſnoring Mortal,
Loud as a Bagpipe, Drone, or Curtel,
His various Snortings might incline
My drowſy Head to dream of Swine.

The Heavens now began to lower,
And threat'n us with a haſty Shower,
Which ſoon refreſh'd the duſty Roads,
And turn'd to Clay the thirſty Clods.
My Cherub waking from his Doze,
And turning up his Eyes and Noſe,
Surpris'd to hear ſo very plain
The noiſy pett'rings of the Rain,
Cry'd out, *Theſe piſtail Clouds, I fear,*
Will fix us, till the Morning, here.
Says he, *I'm like a Cat, or rather,*
A Bird, I can't abide foul Weather.
I'd ſooner put the Pot about,
And wet my Inſide well with Stout,
Than travel to be wet without.

Said I, *If't muſt be ſo, then fill*
A Pipe: Here's to thee, honeſt Will,
Remembring both our diſtant Spouſes,
That like ſweet Bryars grace our Houſes,

And all thoſe little Comforts too,
To whom our loving Care is due.
With all my Heart and Soul, replies
My Cherub, tend'ring with his Eyes,
As if the kind good-natur'd Creature
Had been convey'd by Wind and Water,
A thouſand Leagues from Wife & Daughter.

As thus we near the Window ſat,
Smoaking and talking this and that,
Hoping that Providence would ſend us
Some Coach, that might from Rain defend us,
Who ſhould we caſt our Eyes upon,
But our Friend's Servant, honeſt *John*,
Riding Poſt haſte upon a Steed
That wanted neither Strength nor Speed,
We hal'd him till we made him hear,
And quickly ſtop'd his full career,
Firſt bid him drink, then told our Caſe,
And beg'd th' aſſiſtance of a Chaiſe:

He anſwer'd, much to our delight,
We ſhould have one 'twixt that and Night,
But he to *Greenwich* firſt muſt ride,
And back, e'er we could be ſupply'd.
However promis'd, that indeed
He'd come, with all convenient ſpeed,
So took his leave. rid off in haſte,
As if he meant no time to waſte.

This joyful News, with t'other Cup,
So rais'd my Cherub's Spirits up,
That no King's Jeſter, of a certain,
Could be more pleaſant and diverting:
Whate'er he ſaid was ſmart and witty,
And all he did was wond'rous pritty.
He now could move his Legs about,
Before, he could not ſtir a Foot,
But gave 'em eaſe, and would excuſe 'em,
For fear he ſhould be forc'd to uſe 'em,
Till promiſe of the Chaiſe, we needed,
Secur'd him from the Walk he dreaded.

So lazy Perſons oft complain
Of Lameneſs, Numbneſs, or of Pain,
To ſave themſelves a little trouble,
By making it to others double.

We now began to paſs away
The ſmall remainder of the Day,
In that redundant Chat of Chats,
Concerning our dear Wives and Brats,
That by exhibiting, like Nodies,
The Graces of their Minds and Bodies,
We might diſſemblingly expreſs
Our own great Joy and Happineſs,
And thus with ſeeming Pleaſure bear
The Shackles we were forc'd to wear.
So thoſe Poiloſophers of old,
That hug'd their Rags and ſlighted Gold,
Labour'd to make the World agree
The ſweeteſt Bride was Poverty.
Lord ſend no Friend of mine may wed her,
Or any honeſt Mortal Bed her.

For

For whereſoe'er ſhe comes ſhe brings
A thouſand curſed Plagues and Stings,
Which an old Sage, to Wiſdom bent,
Perhaps may turn into Content.
To him we'll leave her, who knows how
To manage ſuch a vagrant Sow;
Daughter of Lazineſs and Vice,
Mother of Naſtineſs and Lice,
Hated by Country, Shire and Borough,
And dreaded all the Kingdom thorough,
Tho' now at preſent forç'd upon us,
By artful Knaves that have undone us,
May Trade ſoon baniſh her abroad,
And Juſtice put an end to Fraud.
Old *England* mourn her Follies paſt,
And her Hope-Anchor wiſely caſt,
Where ſhe may ſafely ride once more,
In Grandure, as She did before
She ſtruck upon the *South*-Sea Shore.

After we'd ſat an Hour or two
Epecting, we impatient grew,
Uneaſy Fears and teaſing Doubts,
Began to put us in the Pouts,
Leſt *Fortune*, who too often plays
Her jilting Tricks, ſhould ſtop our Chaiſe,
And, after all our Hopes, compel us
To Walk, or lodge that Night in Alehouſe;
But as we thus divided were,
'Twixt Expectation and Deſpair,
Our watchful Eyes, as we ſat humming,
Beheld our two-wheel'd Chariot coming,
Which fill'd us with ſuch ſudden Joys,
We ſkip'd and leap'd like two great Boys,
Call'd for the Reck'ning, paid our Caſh,
And gladly mounted our Calaſh,
Buckl'd our Leathern Curtains cloſe,
To keep out two intruding Foes,
The Wind and Rain, which join'd together,
And made but ſorry Harveſt Weather.

How-

However, we ſat well ſecur'd,
But *John* the heavy Drops endur'd,
Sitting before, expos'd to all
The Hardſhips that from Heav'n could fall;
For he the flogging Scepter ſway'd,
Whoſe gentle Strokes the Horſe obey'd,
And by his mild Correction knew
What ſort of Work he was to do;
A Chirrup made him Trot full faſt,
A Laſh would make him mend his haſte:
But when *John* Whiſtl'd, then the Horſe
Would ſtop, at leaſtwiſe hang an Arſe,
And ſhowing he was ſound at Heart,
Would labour hard to Piſs and Fart;
Therefore ye Learned Heads that pry
Into deep Myſt'ries, tell me why,
A Coachman's, or a Carman's Whiſtle,
Should cauſe a Horſe to Stale and Fizzle.
Night drawing on, our Charioteer
Now flog'd his Prancer flank and reer,

And drove us, *Jehu*-like, along
The Road, by dint of Whip and Thong,
Till *Will* and I in State were drawn,
By painful Pulls, to *Bromley* Town,
Where our kind Friend vouchsaf'd to meet us,
And with a Flask of Red would treat us:
We neither of us car'd for lighting,
But took a flying Bumper sitting,
That made our drowsy Hearts more light
And fit to travel in the Night,
Which prov'd as dismal and as dark
As the low'r Deck of *Noah*'s Ark,
Or any Dungeon in the deep,
Where *Neptune* and his Tritons sleep.
We had not travel'd far beyond
The Town, on wet and slip'ry Ground,
But the poor Horse, tho' tough and strong,
Fatigu'd to drag his Load along,
In lab'ring with a hearty Will,
To pull three Lubbers up the Hill,

Put his old Geer ſo out of order,
That the poor Jade could draw no further,
Till ſome judicious Hand had mended
The Harneſs, which our Weight had rended.
My drowſy Cherub, honeſt *Will*,
Slept on the while and thought no ill,
But ſnor'd behind his Leathern Curtain,
Not dreaming of our ſad Misfortune;
Till Friends, who had at *Bromley* ſtay'd
Sometime, to end their Flaſk of Red,
Came riding up, with horned Light,
To guide 'em in ſo dark a Night,
And finding us in this Diſtreſs,
Enquir'd into our preſent Caſe;
Which when we told 'em, ſome aſſiſted
With Garters, which we ſtrongly twiſted;
Another found a Knife to cut
The Holes thro' which the Strings were put;
So that we made a ſhift to cobble
Our broken Trace with little trouble.

But as our Heads and Hands together,
Thus ſtrove to mend our Harneſs Leather,
The tattling of our Tongues, by chance,
Awak'd my Cherub from his Trance,
Who hearing ſuch a verbal clutter,
Put by his Leathern Skreen, or Shutter,
And by the glim'ring Candle-light,
Beholding this uncommon ſight,
On Horſeback ſome, and ſome on Foot,
Engag'd about our little Hut,
And finding alſo that it ſtood
Quite motionleſs upon the Road,
Raſhly concluded, in amaze,
A Gang of Rogues had ſtop'd our Chaiſe;
And thus poſſeſs'd with pannick Fear,
Cry'd out, *Lord, what's the matter here?*
How is it John? *Who, where, and what!*
Muſt we be rob'd, or muſt we not?
Then fumbl'd up and down his Clothes,
To hide his Gold, as I ſuppoſe,

But glancing on a Friend he knew,
Cry'd out, *My Father, how d'ye do?*
I'm glad, dear Sir, to find 'tis you.
I dreamt just now we were beſet,
Which put me in a bloody Sweat.
But, pray, what is't that ſtops our going,
For God's ſake, what are we a doing?
To that our Friend reply'd in courſe,
You ſleepy Knave, your heavy Arſe
Has broke the Harneſs of the Horſe,
And we are fixing Matters right,
That you mayn't tarry here all Night.
I'm glad, ſays *Will, to hear you tell us,*
No worſe an Accident befel us.
Since 'tis no greater a Miſhap,
Good Night, I'll e'en take t'other Nap.
Then drew the Curtains of his Bed,
And did according as he ſaid.
Thus Morpheus *does by turns ſurpriſe,*
With leaden Weights, all human Eyes,

But does his Pow'r the moſt exert,
O'er bulky Mortals fat at Heart.

Our Tackle now was well repair'd,
And *Dobbin* trotted on full hard.
Tho' as our nimble Wheels run round,
They deeply plow'd the yielding Ground,
And made the Ruts ſtill more profound.
So Northern Coaches, when they're full
Of drowſy Scribes, from York *or* Hull,
The Wheels complaining of their Load,
To Furrows grind the level Road.

Our Lanthorn now, by means of Light,
Drew Bats and other Birds of Night,
To ſport before our moving Chaiſe,
And wonder at the glim'ring Rays,
Whilſt hooting Owls, our Ears to pleaſe,
Forſook their Barns and hollow Trees,
And with their ſweet nocturnal Strains,
That Fairies dance to on the Plains,

Moſt

Moſt kindly charm'd us as we went,
And bid us welcome into *Kent.*

So when a Highland Lord goes down
To Scotland, *from this wicked Town,*
His Vaſſals with their Bagpipes come
To meet him, and with ſqueak and hum,
Conduct him ſafe along the Road,
Thus tweedle him to his old abode,
With Muſick that would fright a Toad.

We now moſt gladly had obtain'd
Our Wiſh, that is, our Journey's end,
For at new whited Gates, as bright
As Stars, and viſible by Night,
The chearful Driver and his Steed,
Put a full *Punctum* to their Speed,
Our Charioteer ſoon made a Bound
From his low Coachbox to the Ground,
The eager Horſe knock'd with his Pate,
To gain admiſſion at the Gate,

And

And neigh'd as loud as he was able;
For Joy he was ſo near his Stable.
My drowſy Cherub fell to ſtroaking
His Eyes, and wak'd for want of rocking;
Stretching his Arms above his Head,
Then, after gaping thrice, he ſaid,
O John! *i'th' name of Peace, Amen.*
What are the Harneſs broke again.
No, no, ſaid I, *this Stop, my Friend,*
I hope, compleats our Journey's end,
John's *only gone to fetch a Light,*
And then you'll ſee I tell you right.
'Tis News I'm very glad to hear,
Replies my Fellow-Traveller,
I vow I'm ſorely tir'd from Head
To Heel, I wiſh I was a Bed.
For ſhame, ſaid I, *forbear to ſpake*
Of Bed-time, and but juſt awake.
Had'ſt thou for ſeven Years no Food
But Dormice, and cold Lettice chew'd,

And drank no other Liquor after,
But Lodinum, *or* Poppy-*Water,*
You could not bend your nodding Brow
To ſleep, much more than you do now.

By this time honeſt *John* return'd,
Whoſe Abſence my Companion mourn'd,
And us, with the ſame Light befriended,
Which on the Horſemen had attended,
Who alſo came and lent a hand,
To help us down upon the Land;
My Cherub, who at e'ery Quarter
Requir'd at leaſt a Tackle Porter,
Deſerv'd their utmoſt Care and Pow'r,
To bring his Carcaſe ſafe to Shoar,
Which, by good Conduct and main ſtrength,
Was done effectually at length,
Altho' his pond'rous Body weigh'd
As much as two Welch Cows, and made
A perfect Earthquake round about
The place where firſt he trod his Foot.

So when great Jove, *or other god,*
Descends in Chariot, or a Cloud,
To visit Mortals, or ensnare
Some beauteous Queen, divinely fair,
Where e'er he does vouchsafe to set
His Foot, Earth trembles at the weight.

Alike, unto the sodden Ground,
We both were handed safe and sound,
Walking a little, as 'twas fitting,
To ease our Limbs, benumb'd with sitting,
Fancy'ng the Earth, on which we trod,
Mov'd like our Chaise upon the Road.
Thus found at present, by our Brains,
We both were turn'd *Copernicans.*

So Sailors, who have long been toss'd
And tumbl'd on the Seas they've cross'd,
When they their Bark in Harbour moor,
And quit the Water for the Shoar,
They, for some time, retain the Motion
Their Brains once borrow'd from the Ocean.

Our kind and courteous Friend now ſhow'd
The Way into his ſweet Abode,
Where Friendſhip, Love, and Honour dwell,
Thoſe gen'rous Virtues that excel
The common Mode of living low
Within, to make an outſide Show.
'Tis true, a ſtately Coach and Six,
Fat Horſes full of wanton Tricks,
Rich Liv'ries, lazy Footmen, Pages,
And ſwarms of Servants at Board-Wages,
May lull the Great, and make 'em dream
Of Pow'r and popular Eſteem,
But rural Peace and Happineſs
Appear in quite another Dreſs,
And ſhow their Grandeur in a free
Acceſs and Hoſpitality.
Without regard to dirty Feet,
We now were led into a neat
Warm Parlour, where we found a kind,
And hearty Welcome from our Friend;

I'th' Chimney, to our Heart's deſire,
A flaming Pyramid of Fire,
And round the Room a rich Collection
Of *Lutt'rel*'s Paintings to Perfection,
Fine *Creon* Heads, that nothing wanted
But Speech, to make 'em live, tho' painted;
Some Fathers, whoſe ſagacious Looks,
Diſcover'd their chief Food was Books,
And that they had at leaſt digeſted
A Volume to each Meal they taſted.
Others were Pictures of the Fair,
Whoſe Eyes would tempt, altho' but Air,
Sweet charming Angels as they hung,
The more---- becauſe without a Tongue.
Theſe were with Judgment interſpers'd,
As if they with the reſt convers'd,
To ſhew our Fathers lov'd to mix
Their Wiſdoms with the beauteous Sex,
Or elſe 'tis very plain and clear,
That we their Sons had ne'er been here.

Now Wines of divers ſorts were brought,
And noble Beer to quench our Drought,
The Tankard and the Glaſs purſu'd
Each other round, and both were good;
Nor did we ſpare our Liquors, really,
But oil'd our Gullets very freely,
Juſt as old Goſſips do their Throats
At Chriſt'nings, and ſuch merry Bouts,
Where e'ery ſoop of Wine or Ale,
Produces ſome new jocund Tale.

The Cloth now decently was ſpread,
And all things in good Order laid,
A Supper plac'd upon the Board,
Sufficient to have pleas'd a Lord:
And that which more oblig'd each Gueſt,
A hearty Welcome to the Feaſt.
We all fell too, as ſoon as Grace
Was ſaid, like Hunters from a Chace,
Or Bumpkins who had ſpent the Day
In keeping Sheep or making Hay:

Except my Cherub *Will*, whoſe Caſe
Was very hard, I muſt confeſs,
For *Morpheus* o'er his Eyes came creeping,
And would not let him Eat for Sleeping:
Not but he wanted to be taſting,
But *Somnus* vow'd he'd keep him faſting.

Juſt ſo a ſecond-ſighted Scot,
Can charm a Bridegroom by a Knot,
That when he ſtrives to kiſs his Bride,
He ſhall not, till the Knot's unty'd.

Quick Work we made and cut apace
Our Way to th' periodick Grace,
With which we ſoon agreed to ſeal
Our plenteous and reſpectful Meal,
That he who had an Inclination
To moralize o'er Fumigation,
Might blow his Tube, for fear of failure,
Charge, Fire and Smoke, to ſhow his Valour,
And puff his Bob like any Sailor,

Now ſome to Funking, ſome to Drinking,
Others to Talking, without Thinking,
Each forwarding ſuch Tittle-tattle,
As moſt diverting o'er the Bottle,
Whilſt honeſt *Will*, who ſnor'd in State,
Like any midnight Magiſtrate,
Gave now and then, with drowſy Head,
Conſenting Nods to what we ſaid.

Juſt ſo, a ſleepy-headed May'r,
When he aſſumes his Lordly Chair,
Hears Cauſes often, when the Toil
Of Buſineſs makes him dream the while.

Good Manners now, by Time attended,
From Wiſdom's poliſh'd Throne deſcended,
And humbly bowing down her Head,
Declar'd old *Tempus* call'd to Bed:
We kindly did the Hint receive,
And beg'd our Friend would give us leave
To be conducted to the Sheets,
Meant for our ſeveral Retreats.

To which Requeſt, when we had mended
Our Draughts, his Goodneſs condeſcended,
For there's no parting, in ſuch Caſes,
Without our peremptory Glaſſes.
Now the old Compliment, *Good Night*,
Went round, and each Two had their Light
And Servant, to conduct and ſhow
Each Couple to their *bon Repo*.
We now began to ſhove and ſhake
My Cherubim to make him wake,
Crying aloud, *Hold up your Head,*
You drowſy Mortal, and to Bed.
To Bed! that Saying made him ſtart,
Ay, ay, where is't? with all my Heart.
Then rowz'd, and haſten'd to his Hive,
As briſk as any Man alive.
Thus as the Loadſtone draws the Steel,
So does the Bed my Cherub Will:
All things in Nature covet reſt,
And join with what they like the beſt.

As *Will* and I, thro' Wind and Weather,
Had travell'd all the Day together,
'Twas thought convenient we ſhould cloſe
At Night. and join in our repoſe,
To which we mutually conſented,
Undreſs'd, and went to Bed contented.
No ſooner had our Weight compreſt
The Down whereon we were to reſt,
Enclos'd with Curtains wrought by Art,
Too richly fine for our Deſert,
But *Will* began to Serenade me,
And with his Pipes ſuch Muſick made me,
That ſure *Belſegar* never heard,
When the poor marry'd Devil was ſcar'd
With Catcalls, Gelders-Horns, and Drumming
To make him think his Wife was coming.
Sometimes he'd ſtart upright in Bed,
Brandiſh his Arms around his Head,
As if he dreamt he was in deep
Diſpute with Monſters, in his Sleep,

And that he fear'd he ſhould be wounded
By Bears and Dragons that ſurrounded.
Amus'd at this unuſual Scene,
I ſtrove to wake him now and then,
But all I got by interpoſing,
Whilſt he was fighting thus and dozing,
Was a good Knock upon my Noddle,
The common Fate of thoſe that meddle
With ſuch that in their groundleſs Paſſion,
Are dealing Blows without occaſion,
Or in their Sleep, poſſeſs'd with Fear,
Scatter their Thumps they know not where.

In this Diſorder and Defiance
Of Goblins, Bloody Bones, and Giants,
And other ſad tremendous Dreams,
Of burning Mounts and drowning Streams,
My Cherub in a ſweating Fright,
Conſum'd (as I ſuppoſe) the Night.

Whilſt I, who lay'd awake beſide him,
Beat off the Hags they ſhould not ride him,
And like a good and faithful Guard,
Till Morning kept true Watch and Ward.

The End of the Firſt Part.